

## Illustrated interviews.

### NO. XLIII.—"THE NEW ROMEO AND JULIET."

#### I.—ROMEO: MR. J. FORBES ROBERTSON.

BY HARRY HOW.



It has, for a long time past, been a mystery to many people why Mr. Forbes Robertson has not launched out as a manager on his own account. He has long been recognised as a very fine actor, and a man possessing gifts as great as they are varied. The time, however, seems to be now ripe.

Although I have met Forbes Robertson on several occasions, it was not until very recently that the enjoyable task was allotted to me of spending a day with him, and following him as he unfolded the pages of his artistic career.

Immediately you enter his house in Bedford Square, you are impressed with the fact that it is the abode of a man who loves his art. The finest and purest examples of etching and engraving decorate the entrance-hall and the walls of the staircase leading to his studio upstairs. The dining-room is entirely given up to family portraits, all painted by Forbes Robertson; for he was an exceedingly clever artist before he became an actor. Here hang portraits of his father and mother, his sister and his little niece, and his brothers. His brothers are able to cry out with Wordsworth, "We are seven," for the new *Romeo* is the oldest of eight.

It is, however, in his study upstairs that one begins the better to breathe the man. The walls are covered with sketches and paintings done by himself: Miss Ellen Terry, painted in 1878; Miss Mary Anderson, to whose *Juliet* he played *Romeo*; and a striking canvas of Madame Modjeska, with whom he also played the youthful lover which Shakespeare drew.

Tubes of paint and innumerable brushes are scattered about on a delightfully untidy table near the easel, for the actor has not altogether forgotten his old love. He still finds recreation in the palette and brush, his hand has not altogether lost its cunning; for lying amongst a heap of papers were many ideas for costumes in the revival of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Lyceum. Mr. Robertson designed all the dresses himself. You will also find a design for the gold casket which was recently presented to Sir Henry Irving, by the actors and actresses of Great Britain, in token of the knighthood which was recently conferred upon him by Her Majesty. A huge case of golf clubs in a far corner speaks of the actor's favourite pastime.

But what impresses the visitor most of all are the numberless little suggestions of the great respect which the actor has for religion. Tiny statuettes of saints fill up odd corners, and are set out along the mantelpiece. There are a dozen rosaries hanging up near a cabinet, whilst immediately over the mantelpiece hangs a crucifix; and not only is the crucifix in the study alone, but it is to be found in many other rooms in the house; yet Forbes Robertson is not a Roman Catholic. I have special reason for referring to this, and the reason will be told in its proper place in this article.

Forbes Robertson sits down at his desk by the window. It is a gloriously bright day; and he opens the window to permit the singing of a hundred birds to be the better heard in the study. Indeed, my talk with the actor had for its accompaniment the sweetest of music; and the free notes of the tiny members of the feathered tribe



MR. FORBES ROBERTSON.  
From a Copyright Photo. by George Newnes, Limited.



seemed to heighten the impression which one gained on looking quietly for a few moments at Forbes Robertson. He was engaged in turning over the pages of his diary. I lit a cigarette. One had only to contemplate the actor to realize the *Romeo*. His face is of a distinctly classical type, a little weary-looking, perhaps, at times, yet thoroughly manly and perfectly romantic. He possesses a magnificent voice, whether at the theatre or at home; though, in speaking to you in his study, whilst his voice maintains all its mellowness, it becomes gentler; but the fine tones are always there.

His life has been a very practical one, yet full of interest. When I sought to lead him on to refer to anything in which he was the hero, he played nervously with his hands and tried to evade the question. He is sincerely modest, and as he looks back upon his life he does so very quietly, and seems inclined to slur over those passages for which he should be given the highest acknowledgment, and seeks to give the credit to anybody but himself.

Forbes Robertson is a comparatively young man for the position which he now occupies. He was born in London on January 16th, 1853.

"I first went to a preparatory school," he said, as he lit a cigarette, "after which I went to the Charterhouse. The Charterhouse was then in the City. I did not come much into contact with the old fellows from whom Thackeray took his Colonel Newcome,

but I used to see them in chapel in their long black gowns, which used, in some degree, to fascinate me. You know, when one is a lad, one seldom thinks of the winter of life; but there was one old fellow there in my day with a long white beard and hair of pure silver, and a grand face, whom I could never look upon without becoming thoughtful. I am afraid, however, that the impression would quickly fade away after I had passed him about a dozen yards.

"Old Madison Morton was there—old Morton who wrote 'Box and Cox' and 'Done on Both Sides,' in which the irrepressible *Brownjohn* makes love to the fascinating *Lucy Whiffles*.

"Amongst my schoolfellows were a trio who have since become well-known actors, namely, Cyril Maude, Fred Kerr, and Charles Allan. A son of Leech, the caricaturist, was also there. He was exceedingly clever at pen-and-ink sketches, particularly at drawing horses. Poor fellow, he was drowned at sea in '75!

"No, I have never acted at school, though they had yearly theatricals."

It was at school, however, that young Robertson found that he had a love for drawing. Curiously enough, the drawing master's name was Robertson, too, and possibly this might have led the teacher to take a greater interest in the taught. Young Robertson would give up his half-holidays to play with the pencil. He was particularly fond of sitting in the old quarters of the ancient

Charterhouse, which dated back to the time before Henry VII. The architecture here was particularly attractive to the lad; he would sit and sketch within its precincts for hours.

He remained three years at the Charterhouse.

I was just lighting another cigarette, and, reaching to the mantelpiece for a match, for a moment I examined a beautiful rosary which was hanging near by. Forbes



From a

THE STUDY.

[Photograph.]



Robertson looked across at me, and smiling thoughtfully, said:—

“I suppose you are wondering, but you are quite mistaken!”

He crossed to the window and looked out for a moment or two. Then he sat down, and suddenly said, pointing again to the rosaries and the crucifix above the mantel-piece: “All those are the outcome of the happiest, and, if I may say so, the most beautiful, days of my life.

“When I was nine years old, and during my old Carthusian days, all my holidays were spent with an old priest near Rouen. His name was Victor Godfroi, the curé of Notre Dames de Bon-Secours and the builder of the magnificent church on the hill outside Rouen, of which he was curé for many years. I remember my father and mother taking me there, and I was invited by the old curé to go and lunch with him. I was very much impressed with him as he sat at the head of the great dining table, surrounded by brother priests. Indeed, I may say that the quiet and solemn way in which they said and did everything, in my youthful mind produced a feeling of awe, and when the curé asked me to come to lunch again the next day, I replied, quite nervously, ‘Well, thank you, some other time.’ But I soon found myself—almost frightened—entirely disappear under their gentle kindness. Here began the start of what was to influence my whole life. It was a most beautiful place, such a charming house in the midst of a most beautiful garden, along the gravelled paths of which the black-robed priests walked silently about.

“For five years I spent nearly half my time there, meeting hundreds of priests, and sketching the country and the church.

“I used to assist in the services of the church, and I have carried every sort of banner and cross, and swung the censers. I learnt to love M. le Curé de Bon-Secours; he was almost a saint; he spent nearly all

his money on the church, and I was never happier than when with him. I once had an idea to fast as he did before mass. I did; and, unfortunately, when kneeling, about half way through the service, I fainted. The nuns took me out and asked me if I wanted anything to eat. They gave me food, and I fear I must admit that I never fasted again!

“I wish I could possibly describe to you what a great advantage all this was to me. I found the life led by these people so thorough and sincere. I grew to be very fond of them; and to give you some idea of how it influenced my after-life, I sent two of my sisters to this place, where there was a very fine girls’ school kept by nuns, and they became Catholics. Yet through all these years the old priest never asked me to become a Catholic, though the Archbishop of Rouen once sent for me and asked: ‘Are not your people afraid of your becoming a Catholic?’

“In my quiet moments my mind often goes back to those never-to-be-forgotten five years of perfect and simple pleasure.

“I remember one adventure we had there. A long, subterranean passage led from the presbytery to the church, and the servants used to bring me my robes, and I used to put them

on and walk through this near cut. One night I was awakened by a terrible noise. I jumped out of bed and opened my door, and there stood an old priest in a long overcoat, with a great pistol in his hand, crying out: ‘There are robbers in the church!’ On proceeding to a lower landing, I passed a number of other priests and men-servants who had been awakened at the alarm. We all formed a procession, armed with anything we could lay our hands on. We were certainly ready for the fray! When the servant who carried the lantern got to the cellars, he gave in, and turned back frightened. I do not want, in any way, to



M. LE CURÉ DE BON-SECOURS.  
From a Photo. by Witz et Cie., Rouen.



pose as a youthful hero, but I took up the lantern and led the way. Up the passage we went. On emerging from it into the chapel, we saw the robbers cutting away at the



MADAME MODJESKA.

*From a Painting by Mr. Forbes Robertson.*

stained-glass windows, in order to gain an entry to rob the chapel. We gave chase, and a very muddled chase it was: old men, young men, with myself and the lantern in front, tumbling over one another, over pieces of timber, and I know not what. At last we had to give it up and retire. Next day a gendarme came along, and, as the leader of the party, severely cross-examined me as to whether I could give him any information. He filled up scores of pages of a huge note-book, measured foot-prints, and did everything else to seek a clue, but we never found the robbers.

"That was the only really exciting scene that occurred in the pages of my little history whilst there; save, perhaps, when the great scourge of cholera broke out. Everywhere you went you would meet a funeral procession, yet, strange to say, not a single one of the priests or myself caught the scourge.

"It was intended that I should become a painter," continued Mr. Robertson. "When sixteen I was sent to Hetherley's, in Newman Street, to make drawings with a view to becoming a student at the Royal Academy. I really wanted to become an artist—my father and mother's influence over me at this time was very considerable. I moved in

artistic circles, which was a great benefit to me; and both Madox Brown and Rossetti seemed to take a great interest in my work. I often used to go out to Rossetti's house at Chelsea, and take my drawings to him, and he would look at them and say very many encouraging things. He was one of the most sympathetic men I have ever met. I sat to him once for a figure of 'Love,' which appears in his picture of 'Dante's Dream,' now in Liverpool. He was a very eccentric man. I remember asking him once how he managed to get so many beautiful women into his pictures. His reply was as amusing as it was characteristic, 'Ah!' he said, 'I make a point of standing at the window on a wet day, and if I see a particularly pretty girl coming along, I go out into the street and explain that I am an artist; will she come in and sit to me? Sometimes she will, and sometimes she screams. Then there is nothing left for me to do but to run and shut the door quickly!' Poor Rossetti! I can see him now, very wild-looking, with his dark, sad face.

"I got into the Academy somewhere about 1870, and I came into contact with nearly every painter of note of that day. Here are some of my studies."

The actor took from a drawer beneath the desk a huge portfolio of sketches. One by



MISS ELLEN TERRY.

*From a Painting by Mr. Forbes Robertson.*

one we went through them, and I could not help noticing the almost tender way in which Forbes Robertson handled these artistic recollections of his early days. They were



mostly studies of figures; one in particular he drew my attention to. It was unfinished.

"Now, tell me, tell me," he said, quite excitedly, "what do you think of that head and shoulders?"

I told him I considered it perfect.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, apparently gratified, "I did not do it; Sir John Millais worked for twenty minutes on that head and shoulders, and that is why I have not finished the sketch.

"I came into contact with nearly every painter of note of that day: O'Neil, Pettie, Orchardson, Frith, Faed, E. M. Ward, Sant, Sir Frederick Leighton, Stacy Marks, and what very few people can say—poor Fred Walker. Walker always struck me as being more afraid of us than we of him. When I first got into the painting-room my easel was next to Sam Waller's, whose pictures are so well known through engravings. Charles Landseer was the curator in the Antique School; he was always very grave, and spoke little. We always thought that he composed his jokes when visiting the students. Tom Landseer was also with us. He was very deaf, and his want of memory would sometimes prevent him from hearing his own tone and remembering it, whilst at one moment he would talk very loud, and at another in a low whisper.

"They were very happy days at the Academy. Some of the students were typical ones; wearing the long, straight hair, which turned up at the ends and never curled, and the velvet jacket, and smoking long pipes. We were all going to be Presidents, we were perfectly satisfied about that! Well, I saw the failures there, too—men struggling on and on. There was one man who had been there thirty years, and when I left he was still working on, on, on!"

Amongst Mr. Robertson's fellow-students were Frank Dicksee, Alfred Gilbert, Waterhouse, and Hamo Thornycroft. The young men used to adjourn to a very favourite chop-house (Snow's). Now the Academy student has his regular club-house, and evening dress has supplanted the velvet coat. They were great singing and reciting days; the young students would adjourn to one of their homes, and singing and speeches would go up to the accompaniment of pipes and beer. Mr. Robertson was recognised as the actor, and he treated his audiences to such pieces as "The Raven," and what he now refers to as "other

morbid things!" He frankly confesses that though he worked very hard he did not make painting pay, only selling three or four pictures a year. He received £5 for his first picture, and has had as much as £15 for a head. During the last year he was at the school he painted a few portraits. He remained at the Academy for three years.

It was the influence of the late Mr. W. G. Wills that was instrumental in securing Mr. Robertson his first theatrical engagement.

At the mention of Wills' name we could not help remembering what a fine painter, as

well as dramatist, he was, how thoroughly good-natured and Bohemian. We thought of his money-box, the famous receptacle for cash which he always kept at the disposal of anybody who was hard up. They had only to call at his house and help themselves.

Neither could we forget his tea-pot and cracked blue china cup. He invariably made his own tea; and we pictured him in his somewhat untidy studio in the neighbourhood of Earl's Court, watching it draw as he sat in his old dressing-gown and still more ancient smoking cap; and in imagination we looked again at his remarkable picture of "Ophelia."



MISS MARY ANDERSON.  
From a Painting by Mr. Forbes Robertson.



It is told of this picture that someone went up to Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., who was looking at it when the work was on exhibition, and asked: "Is that yours, Watts?"



"THE EARL OF LEICESTER" (Marie Stuart).  
From a Photo. by Mayall, New Bond Street.

"No," replied the Royal Academician. "I wish to goodness it was!"

"I started at £4 a week," said the actor, "appearing in a good part at the Princess's Theatre, in 'Marie Stuart,' a play by Wills. Mrs. Rousby played the titular part. I remember leading her on to the stage on a white horse, and I thought it very fine. I need hardly tell you that all my fellow-students were there the first night; but I particularly requested them not to applaud, in case it might be mistaken for a claque. This engagement only lasted a few weeks, when I immediately joined a travelling company which had been organized by Charles Reade, and of which Miss Ellen Terry was a member. Reade was a very charming man; he gave me a commission to paint a picture, for I should tell you that I was still keeping up my painting. I was out with Reade for about five or six months, when I joined the stock company at Manchester to support Phelps—a company which included Fred Mervin, F. H. Macklin, and Charles Vandenhoff. Phelps as *Wolsey* was great. I played *Cromwell*."

"I have no hesitation in saying that Phelps practically taught me my business. Though it is generally considered that he was very blunt and sharp in his manner, I always found him most kind and encouraging;

Vol. x—33.

though outwardly hard at heart, he was really the kindest man I ever met. He literally instructed me. He once came down to rehearse 'The School for Scandal,' in which he played *Sir Peter Teazle*. The lady who was to play *Lady Teazle* thought she was particularly grand in the part, and being a beginner she gave herself a good many airs. She persisted in making all manner of suggestions to Phelps as to where it would be best for him to stand in the scene, and where for her. Phelps accepted all these proposals very quietly. She kept these little ideas of hers going all through the rehearsal. At last Phelps's umbrella began to stamp on the stage. 'I think, Mr. Phelps,' she said, 'if you were to stand there —' 'Madam, at night I shall be here; where *you* will be, God only knows!"

Mr. Robertson then went to the Gaiety, and appeared in a long series of the legitimate drama. The company included such names as Hermann Vezin, Arthur Cecil, Edward Righton, J. G. Taylor, John McClean, Mrs. John Wood, Miss Rose Leclercq, and Miss Furtado. An engagement followed at the Olympic, and Mr. Robertson appeared in "The Two Orphans" and "The Spendthrift," the latter a play by the late James Albery.

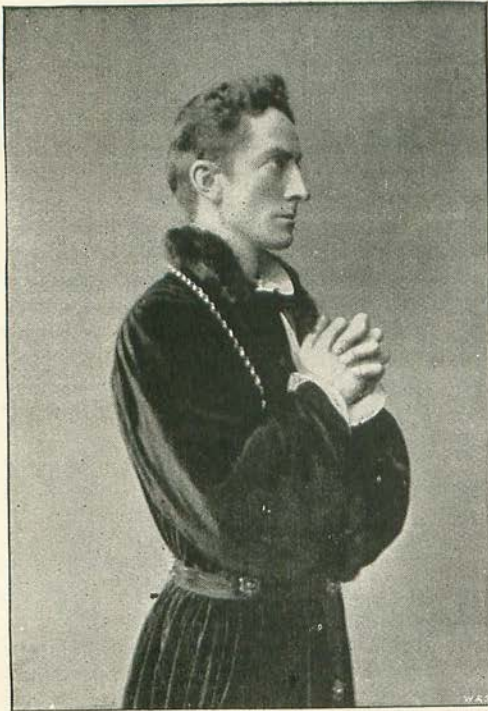
Mr. Robertson was exceedingly fortunate



"LEONTES" (Winter's Tale).  
From a Photo. by the Cameron Studio, Mortimer Street, W.

in his engagements, playing in and out for four years every night without stopping. Engagements would end up on a Saturday





"BUCKINGHAM" (Henry VIII.).  
From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

night, and on the following Monday he would be found at another house. It was hard work, but fine experience. During all this time Mr. Forbes Robertson never doubled a part. The first great impression he made was in a piece called "Coraine," by Robert Buchanan, produced at the Lyceum. The critics began to speak about him, and the managers to keep a watchful eye on him. His success in "Coraine" gained for him a position in the original cast of "Dan'l Druce" at the Haymarket in 1876—a play full of character, in which Hermann Vezin played the blacksmith, *Dan'l*, and old Henry Howe was still fulfilling a part of the longest engagement on record—forty-four years at one house! Then came work at the Olympic, and an appearance as *Count Orlof*, in "Diplomacy," at the Prince of Wales's.

"Oddly enough," continued Mr. Robertson, "the last week of the run, Mr. H. B. Conway, who played *Julian Beauclerc*, met with an accident, and I took up his part; so you see I played it in the original run, and have played it twice since. My first original leading part was *Sir Horace Welby*, in 'Forget-Me-Not,' in August, 1879."

Mr. Robertson then appeared in "Duty" at the Prince of Wales's, and subsequently

went to the Haymarket with Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, playing *Sergeant Jones* in "Ours," *Lord Glossmore* in "Money," and *Krux* in "School." Then came the first holiday the actor had had for four years.

"I went down to Cornwall," he said, "and there met, in the same little hotel where I stayed, Madame Modjeska, her husband, and sister. The Rev. Mr. Jackson, the rector of the place, persuaded Madame Modjeska to give two or three scenes from 'Romeo and Juliet.' She asked me if I would help her by appearing as *Romeo*. I did, and this was the first time I had appeared in the character. We rigged up a platform in the rectory garden, and this was really the beginning of pastoral plays. Someone sent a chatty paragraph about the performance to the *World*, and people evidently considered it a happy thought, and copied it.

"After my holiday, I returned once more to the Prince of Wales's Theatre, playing in 'Forget-Me-Not' and a Dutch piece called 'Annemine.' Madame Modjeska opened at the Court in 1880, and I supported her once more in 'Romeo and Juliet,' and in 'Adrienne Lecouvreur.' Modjeska was a very beautiful *Juliet*. I went on tour with her, and then to the Court to play *Claude Glenn* in 'The Parvenue.'



"LAUNCELOT" (King Arthur).  
From a Photo. by Window & Grove.



"The year 1882 found me at the Lyceum as *Claudio* in 'Much Ado About Nothing.' I painted the church scene in Sir Henry Irving's brilliant production of Shakespeare's comedy. Once again I joined the Bancrofts at the Haymarket and appeared as *Lord Caryl* in 'Lords and Commons,' *Sir George Ormonde* in 'Peril,' *Captain Absolute* in 'The Rivals,' *Julian* in 'Diplomacy,' *Sir Charles Pommander* in 'Masks and Faces,' and assisted at the farewell performance of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft on July 20th, 1885."

The infinite variety of parts which Mr. Robertson had played, and his brilliant con-

ception of them, had gained for him a firm footing on the stage. He was the recognised *Romeo*. Hence he toured with Miss Mary Anderson in America, playing the last-named part, together with *Ingomar*, *Pygmalion*, *Orlando*, and *Claude Melnotte*. After an engagement at the Opera Comique, in a series of Old English comedies, he appeared with Miss Mary Anderson again at the Lyceum as *Leontes* in "The Winter's Tale." He spoke the first lines as *Orlando* at the Shaftesbury Theatre, and appeared on the opening night at the Garrick Theatre in "The Profligate." His *Scarpia*, in "La Tosca," was a remarkably brilliant performance.

He created *Captain Brandon* in "Dream Faces," and was in the original production of "Lady Bountiful." His rendering of *Buckingham* in "Henry VIII.," at the Lyceum, will not be readily forgotten by those who witnessed it. He remained at Sir Henry Irving's theatre for the run of the piece, and returned to the Garrick to play in "Robin Goodfellow," and in revivals of "Diplomacy," "Caste," and "Money." He was the original *Walter Forbes* in "Mrs. Lessingham." After touring with Miss Kate Rorke, he was engaged by Sir Henry Irving to create the part of *Launcelot* in

"King Arthur." To many minds this is the finest thing that Mr. Forbes Robertson has ever done. It was perfectly picturesque, perfectly romantic, yet perfectly natural. He had to return to the Garrick Theatre to appear as *Lucas Clevee*, in the first performance of "The Notorious Mrs. Ebb-smith," and this was his last appearance previous to his producing "Romeo and Juliet" at the Lyceum.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Forbes Robertson is one of the quickest studies we have got. He believes in the early morning for studying parts, and has on several occasions become letter-perfect in the lines

appertaining to a big character in two days.

It was just before leaving that I hinted that probably he had had one or two amusing experiences during his stage career. He had. He replied, merrily:—

"I am not likely, I think, to forget my experience at the Lyceum, and more funny incidents than those which happened on the first night have never, I believe, taken place on any stage. Of course I am speaking of a time when the theatre was not in Irving's hands. I can only tell you of two. The late Tom Meade (whom you remember was such a splendid ghost in 'Hamlet') was a

member of the company. In a certain play he knew very little of his part; in fact, I do not think he knew it at all. At his first entrance he completely stuck, and in order to assist himself, with a view to getting some idea of the words, he walked down with a tragic stride to the footlights and said, 'Ah! here I am!' but the words would not come, so he walked back again. Still he could not remember, so he proceeded to walk once more to the footlights; and, with even greater emphasis than before exclaimed, 'Here I am!' and somebody in the gallery cried out, 'All right, Tom; we see you are! Get on!' In one part of the play, where he is judging



"ROMEO" (Romeo and Juliet).  
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.



someone who is brought up before him, in order to help himself to remember the text, he kept crying out: 'Oh, Paul!'—that was the name of the character—'Oh, Paul!' till at

last the exclamation: 'Oh, Paul!' became so frequent that someone in the audience exclaimed in a very audible whisper: 'Oh, Paul! Paul, wherefore persecutest thou me?'

## II.—JULIET: MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

By M. GRIFFITH.



HE dramatic firmament of the present age is brilliant with stars of varying magnitude and power, foremost among them being Sarah Bernhardt, resplendent with the undying youth of genius, with her golden voice and serpent-like grace; Eleanora Dusé, small, pale-faced, but with dark, glorious eyes that would render the most commonplace woman irresistibly attractive; quiet, and so natural in her acting, that we overlook the consummate art of which it is the result. Then Réjane, that mistress of comedy, arch, with an impudence that smacks of the boulevards, coquettish or shrewish, a woman of the people, full of strong devotion or deep tenderness, that keeps her audience spellbound or sways them at will to smiles or tears. Modjeska, ever memorable as one of the sweetest of *Juliets*—girlish, or womanly, and dainty; her foreign accent enhancing the beauty of her impersonation. And last, but not least, our latest discovered star—the new *Juliet*—the winsome, haunting Mrs. "Pat" Campbell.

It was to interview this actress that I one day recently wended my way to Ashley Gardens, which is known to be a flat-land of celebrities, numbering among its hundred tenants, lawyers, journalists, composers, politicians, officers, and one

actress. I remember seeing it stated in one journal that the "postal authorities" have a recognised formula for misdirected letters—"Gone away: try Ashley Gardens"—and it is a pretty sure find. However this may be, I was successful in finding out where Mrs. Patrick Campbell lived, and also in finding her at home. She received me most kindly, and seeing that I was *hors de combat* from a sprain of the right thumb, she very kindly said, "Let me write for you." For a moment I felt tempted to accept the offer, for what a novelty to the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE would have been an interview with Mrs. Patrick Campbell written by herself. But a little reflection convinced

me that the result, however interesting from its uniqueness, would be woefully meagre of its subject, for it is very difficult to get this clever lady to speak, much less to write, about herself.

"Are you really an Englishwoman?" was my first question.

"Yes, I think so," was the reply. "My father was English and my mother is an Italian; I was born in Kensington, and, with the exception of a year in Paris in order to study French, and the time I have spent touring, I have lived entirely in London."

"What induced you to adopt the stage? Was it necessity or choice?"

"Choice and the love of hard work. My husband," said



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

From a Photo. by Mayall, 73, Piccadilly.





THE DRAWING-ROOM.

From a Photo. by Kate Pragnell & Co., 164, Sloane Street, S. W.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, "is of Scotch parentage, with a half Irish name, and soon after I was twenty-one he had to go abroad on business—and was away from me nearly seven years. Now I have told you my age," she added, laughingly.

"Yes, but it was not very difficult to guess it from your appearance, although some of the too clever critics described you as a 'middle-aged beauty.'"

Mrs. Patrick Campbell went on to tell me how lonely she felt during the absence of her husband, and how much she longed for some steady work; at last she got a friend who knew Mr. J. H. Macklin to obtain from him a letter of introduction to Mr. Harrington Bailey, on whom she called, and having paid her guinea entered her name on his books. The result of this was a twelve weeks' touring engagement as *Mrs. Lynn Loseby*, the leading part in Messrs. Hermann Vezin and Robert Buchanan's play, "Bachelors." She understood her part so well and acted it so creditably, that she had no difficulty in getting other engagements.

I must explain that previous to this

she had gained some experience as a member of the Anomalies Amateur Dramatic Company, with which she had had opportunities of rehearsing and playing such parts as *Marie Graham*—originally created by Ada Cavendish—in Mark Quinton's "In His Power," and her first appearance as an amateur was when she played in this piece at Lower Norwood. Her other rôles at this time were *Alice Petherick*, in "Blow for Blow"; *Mirza*, in Gilbert's fairy comedy, "The Palace of Truth"; *Stella*, in "Buried Talent"; and *Millicent Boycott*, in the "Money Spinner."

Her first venture with the "Bachelor" company was at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, in November, 1888, and this was the first time she had ever played on a regular stage. The second engagement was with Mrs. Bandmann Palmer's "Tares" Company, in which she played the part of *Rachel Denison* (first played by Miss Sophie Eyre). The Press noticed the talent of the young actress in very strong terms; it was said to be "a splendid conception, and that she had proved herself an actress of exceptional



THE DINING-ROOM.

From a Photo. by Kate Pragnell & Co., 164, Sloane Street, S. W.



merit." When the tour was over, she joined Mr. Ben Greet and Miss Eweretta Lawrence, taking part in "Masks and Faces," "Adrienne Lecouvreur," "Kitty Clive," etc., and on her second tour with Mr. Greet she played lead in "Aladdin" and "The Hunchback." In the March of 1890 she had the joy of playing the latter part at a London theatre, for Mr. S. Hayes's annual *matinée* at the Adelphi Theatre, and, a little later, a *matinée* of "Buried Talent" was given at the Vaudeville, "*Stella* being charmingly acted by Mrs. Patrick Campbell," being the opinion expressed of her performance in a leading paper.

The young actress's next experience was a three months' tour with Mr. Ben Greet's Pastoral Play Company. Her *repertoire* included *Hélène* in "Midsummer Night's Dream," *Rosalind* in "As You Like It," *Eglamour* in "Love in a Mist," and *Stella* in "Buried Talent"; both these latter parts she created. The company were invited to give their performance of "As You Like It" at Wilton, the Earl and Countess of Pembroke's seat; it was a great success, and was repeated later at Ashridge, Great Berkhamstead, before the Earl and Countess Brownlow and many distinguished guests.

"No finer setting," said Mrs. Campbell, "for one of Shakespeare's masterpieces could be imagined than this fine park, overshadowed by grand old oaks, beeches, and elms, and carpeted with golden-tinted bracken; through the branches of the trees we occasionally caught sight of stately deer, and it was truly a lovely spot! Some of our supers on this occasion were gentlemen guests staying at Ashridge."

It was not difficult to picture the scene she described, and also to recall her *Rosalind*, for she played as one inspired, with a half arch, half pathetic coquetry, which was most bewitching. The

late Earl of Pembroke described her *Rosalind* as "the best he had ever seen—not excepting Ada Réhan, admirable as she was—marvellous for the truthfulness of the light passages, and marvellous in the pathetic parts."

The Hon. Mrs. Percy Wyndham, who had seen Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the pastoral plays at Wilton, encouraged her to give a *matinée* of "As You Like It" in London, so the Shaftesbury Theatre was rented for the occasion, and the performance given under the patronage of the Princess Christian, and a host of other representatives of rank and fashion. Mrs. Patrick Campbell looked handsomer than ever in her Grecian draperies of green and white, although many preferred her in the forest scene, in which she appeared in a tan leather jerkin, bordered with rich sable, the belt fastened by a finely cut steel buckle, the long soft boots, also tan; the rest of the dress being of emerald green velvet, with knots of rose colour. The success of this venture may be judged from the fact of her being immediately engaged by Messrs. Gatti for a new play which was about to be produced at the Adelphi, called "The Trumpet Call," by Messrs. Sims and Buchanan, and in this she played the part of *Astrea*, a picturesque gipsy, strolling actress and singer, and it was a splendid test of the power and versatility of the actress.

Nearly all playgoers will remember the *contretemps* which occurred in one scene—the "Doss House"—which was sufficient to unnerve the most experienced actress. In the scene mentioned, Mrs. Patrick Campbell had to appear almost in rags, her skirt being of some thin black material with but scanty garments underneath. Owing to the carelessness of her dresser, the skirt became unfastened and dropped below her knees before she noticed it. Those who were



"ASTREA" (The Trumpet Call).  
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons, Kensington.



present are never likely to forget the dignity and calm self-possession which she displayed in so trying a moment, nor the withering scorn of the glance she directed at one or two ill-bred persons who seemed to regard this mishap as an occasion for mirth. Gathering her dress quickly round her, she made her exit, and on her return played with more than her usual power and excellence.

"My next part," continued Mrs. Campbell, "was a great contrast to *Astrea*; it was *Elizabeth Cromwell*, in 'The White Rose,' a sweet, pathetic Puritan character. I next played *Tress Purvis* in 'The Lights of Home,' a fisherman's daughter; perhaps you remember it? After that came 'Black Domino,' in which I took the part of *Clarice Berton*. I created those four parts, all of which were studies of widely diverse characters. I ought to have mentioned that during the run of 'The Trumpet Call' I had a severe attack of typhoid fever, and was compelled to relinquish my engagement for six months, and my place was filled during my absence by Miss Claire Ivanova."

"Was it not while you were playing the part of *Clarice Berton* that Mr. Pinero saw you?"

"Yes, the death scene in the last act, I believe, impressed him; anyhow, I got the offer of the part of the *Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, but to my great disappointment the Messrs. Gatti refused to release me, and it was assigned to Miss Robins; but ultimately the management agreed to let me go, and when Miss Robins heard of it she resigned this grand part without a murmur. Was it not a noble and generous act?"

It is at this point that Mrs. Patrick Campbell's marvellous dramatic career really starts. For a young, comparatively inexperienced, actress to be chosen to create a new and most difficult rôle, in this masterpiece of modern plays—one which was intended by its author to convey the moral, "That we are punished through the good that is in us, not through the bad, and, to

prove his theory, that no man or woman is wholly good, or wholly bad"—was a signal, as soon as the cast was announced, for envious croakers to predict that the whole thing would be an ignominious failure. The result proved the wisdom of Mr. Pinero's choice.

When we recollect that a few years ago Mrs. Campbell was only the leading lady of a suburban amateur dramatic club, and that her whole stage experience only extends over a period of about five years, her present position goes far to prove that she has not yet attained the zenith of her artistic career, especially if we compare her rapid progress with that of the great Siddons, whose earliest appearance in London in 1775 was a failure, and who only achieved her first success after eight years' hard work in the provinces, on her reappearance in London in the year 1782.



From a Photo. by]

"CLARICE BERTON" (Black Domino).

1. Alfred Ellis.

"Do you not think that the long run of pieces, especially for an actor or an actress who creates a rôle and becomes identified with the character, is harmful to their artistic progress?"

"It is said so, and perhaps French actresses have the advantage of us in that; it does seem difficult to disentangle oneself at once from a part that has become second nature, and to take up another totally different. It is a sort of transmigrating business, is it not?"

"The critics ought to have thought of that when you played *Dulcie Larondie* in 'The Masqueraders.'"

"Yes; to start with, the part was not a congenial one, and you know I played the *Second Mrs. Tanqueray* for three hundred nights without a break. It is difficult to





"DULCIE LARONDIS" (The Masqueraders).  
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Company.

dissociate oneself from such characters at once. Talking about critics, one of my tradesmen the other day, when my lady secretary went to his shop to purchase something, inquired very kindly after my health, and said, 'Tell Mrs. Campbell not to mind the critics: the tradespeople all like her.' He also sent me a bottle of tonic, which he said might do me good."

"What did you open with when you joined Mr. Tree at the Haymarket?"

"'John-a-Dreams,' in which I played *Kate Cloud*. I enjoy any part that is full of human interest. Then followed another of Mr. Pinero's, 'The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith,' which was a great success, and then I played *Fedora*."

"Have you any special liking for any particular rôle?"

"No, I like any part that is human," and Mrs. Campbell went on to say how kind and patient Mr. Pinero has been with her, and also spoke with great warmth of the thoughtful consideration with which she had been treated by both Mr. and Mrs. Tree. "This," she said, handing me a handsome silver ornament, "was given me with a bunch of orchids by Mrs. Tree on the first night of 'John-a-Dreams.' I forgot to tell you," she continued, "that when I was playing the *Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, and after I had

played it about a hundred times, one memorable evening, in the first act I quite forgot my part. My memory was a perfect blank, and no prompting availed me. I had at last to read my part all through the scene, but some who were in front said I had never played better."

Asked as to her future plans, Mrs. Campbell said that she was to have one of her dearest wishes fulfilled, and that was to play *Juliet*, Mr. Robertson being the *Romeo*. "That will be in September," she added, "and I am looking forward to it with great pleasure."

Mrs. Patrick Campbell looks much younger off the stage than she does on; she is tall, slender, and almost fragile-looking, with a very pale, delicate oval face, rendered more so by her dark hair and beautiful large eyes, both of which are inherited from her Italian mother. In temperament she is strongly emotional and highly nervous; the long, thin fingers seeming to have a language of their own, which is most expressive; her voice is low and very sweet, she speaks slowly, and the slight strange accent or intonation of some of her words is quaint and in keeping with her appearance. Taken altogether, her personality is very striking, and her style of dress is remarkable for its originality, her wardrobes being rich in the variety of the number of her gowns, which, in splendour of material and perfection of style, are unsurpassable.

The costume plays nearly as important a



"TRESS PURVISS" (The Lights of Home).  
From a Photo. by Martin & Sallnow.



part in making the audience understand and enter into the individuality of a character as does the acting itself, and Mrs. Campbell is as well up in the mysteries of successful dressing as is the great Sarah Bernhardt. She seems to have a special love for fur, passementerie, and lace, from the rich guipure to the cobwebby, snow-white *dentelle* that would grace Titania's dainty form. Two of her cloaks, garments which are generally supposed to be most prosaic, were of ideal elegance. One of tan-cloth, with bands and collar of beaver, was lined with the richest velvet, the colour of Parma violets; the other was of thick white silk, lined with turquoise silk, and bordered with glistening passementerie. A lovely gown was one, worn in "The Masqueraders," of pale rose-pink brocade, embroidered with sprays of silver fern leaves, the skirt looped up on the left side over a petticoat of glittering silver embroidery. The long train was of rose satin on which silver ferns seem to have been thrown, the bodice low and crossed, and completed by a bow with long ends of silver embroidery.

As *Paula*, Mrs. Campbell looked superb in a dress of sunset-coloured satin with a deep flounce, edged with a band of net covered with gold-fish-scale sequins, bodice and epaulettes similarly adorned, and full sleeves of net glistening with sequins. Over this handsome gown was worn a gorgeous cloak of yellow satin, embroidered with gold, the lining and collar being of emerald velvet; while yellow ostrich feathers bordered the latter, and were continued in boa fashion down the front. Another cloak worn in the same play was of gold and white satin brocade, the capes of wide gold lace.

In "Fedora" one dress is of cloth of gold, the slippers being made of the same rich material. No description can do justice to

such costumes, every one of which is the creation of an artist. I wish I could tell my women readers *what* artist; but, alas! Mrs. Campbell was deaf to all my adroit attempts at worming that secret out of her. Solomon in all his glory, or all the Indian Rajahs combined, could not surpass her in the splendour and beauty of her toilettes.

It is whispered that her *Juliet* gowns will set all London talking; but I have quite lost myself on the great dress question, and must return to matters of more general interest. I was introduced to two of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's pets, a stately and rather fat pug,

rejoicing in the name of "She," and her adopted daughter, a rollicking, boisterous puppy, named "Humpa Dincka."

I made a liberal selection of portraits, and signified my wish to have them.

"What, all these!" said Mrs. Campbell. "What can you do with them all?"

"They will interest the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE," I said, and received a smiling assent.

Rarely could one meet with a more charming study than the subject of the present article, for it is human nature to admire and respect those who, *quelque soit leur métier*, surpass anyone else in anything they undertake.

The drawing-room in which we had our chat was a sunny, pleasant room, the colouring being mostly blue and white with a large bow window and cosy couches and chairs, a piano, and the thousand and one dainty trifles which go far to show the character of its owner. A little table devoted to silver curios numbered among them Handel's snuff-box and shoe-buckles; an old spy-glass in a velvet case, believed to be his also, and many valuable gifts. Mrs. Campbell also collects and considers among her choicest treasures rare copies of books, several being Morris's beautiful Kelmscott edition, in overlapping bindings of white



"PAULA TANQUERAY" (The Second Mrs. Tanqueray).  
From a Photo. by Alfred Ellis.



vellum, tooled with gold, and tied with narrow green ribbon with gold tassels. An autograph album, a most exquisite example of the bookbinder's art, had been presented to her by the printers. A volume of poems, a gift from a well-known poet, bore the following dedication:—

TO MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL,

A tribute to her incomparable art, and to her incomparable personality.

The walls of the drawing-room were covered with sketches, photos., and engravings, several being copies of Burne-Jones's paintings; a sketch in water-colour of Mrs. Campbell was the work of her sister; another by Mr. Phil Burne-Jones, symbolic of her name *Stella*, represented her gazing longingly at the stars, while from below she herself was regarded as a star. Other sketches were Ellen Terry as *Ophelia*, by Watts; "The Amber Witch," "The Happy Warrior," and Duret's "Saint Joseph," all in quaint green frames with black beading. Some old carved oak, a grandfather's clock, brass mounted escritoire, and a few good specimens of Flemish pottery, odds and ends of brocade, flowers and palms, completed the decoration of this room.

Mrs. Campbell has two children—a boy and a girl. In addition to her talents as an actress, she is a delightful hostess, a good conversationalist, and an accomplished musician, as was noticed by those who saw her in "Mrs. Tanqueray," the fragments she then played being the composition of her brother, who is a very clever musician.

It may be interesting to learn the opinion expressed of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's talent by an actress whose name at least is known to everyone—Mrs. Crowe—the Miss

Bateman of "Leah" fame, whose father was at one time lessee of the Lyceum Theatre, and who introduced Mr. Irving to the London theatrical world. It is that she is "as great a genius as is now on the stage."

Another authority said: "Her creation of the part of the *Second Mrs. Tanqueray* would live in the history of dramatic triumphs." One of the most remarkable pictures in the Academy of last year was her portrait as *Paula Tanqueray*, by Mr. Solomon J. Solomon. It represented her as she appeared on the stage illumined by the upward glow from the foot-lights. The passionate expression of an unutterable anguish and the pose of the figure are very pathetic and instinct with human interest. Mr. Solomon, when painting his picture, had a stage erected in his studio, lit in the same way as that of the St. James's Theatre. One of Mrs. Campbell's most valued souvenirs is her own copy of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," which is covered with pencil hints, suggestions, and memoranda, and is carefully preserved in a blue morocco cover. She commits her parts to memory usually by writing them out, a plan also pursued by Miss Ellen Terry and Miss Amy Rozelle.

Doubtless, Mrs. Campbell owes much of her fire and highly nervous sensitiveness to the southern blood that is in her veins. She is very ambitious, and a very hard worker, and if her health does not fail, she will—it may be safely prophesied—be not only one of the handsomest and most graceful women on the English stage, but also the greatest tragedienne. She has every natural advantage; the rest is only a question of time and experience.



"MRS. EBBSMITH" (The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith).  
From a Photo, by Alfred Ellis.